

IT IS A GREAT SHOW.

THE SECOND EFFORT OF VIRGINIA

To Display Her Varied Resources—The Grounds Thronged With People—The Battle of the Crater—To-day.

It was dusk before the crowd arrived at the Exposition grounds yesterday. Of course there were many who strolled in during the day, but the mass of the people came out after business had closed. When they did come they arrived in throngs, and the main hall was soon filled with pedestrians on that everlasting promenade. During the night before many of the floats of the trades parade were moved into the hall, thus covering the formerly unoccupied squares. Decorators of booths also got in their finishing touches. The result was that the exhibit was a whole lot better than on Thursday. The song of the hammer and saw has thus given away to music from the orchestra, and the change is enjoyable.

Either at Eighth and Broad or at the Exposition grounds can be found plenty of conveyances.

A whole line of vehicles of almost every description await you, and the cars can also be brought into service. Take a Clay-street car and at Hancock and Marshall change to the Marshall-street electric car. That will carry you to a point but a short distance from the Leigh-street gate. Two fares are required.

ACROBATIC PERFORMANCE.

The St. Elmo people began their acrobatic performances in the main hall yesterday. They are the same man and woman who were here at the Fair in 1891, and have improved very much in acting. There is a trapeze act done by



MET A CONFIDENCE MAN.

The man who is splendid. You first see him sitting on what is apparently a bed of fire. There is a loud report, the man makes a jump, and he is the next moment in the net below. Several hundred people were interested spectators of the performance yesterday.

A below on the stage is presented the cat orchestra. It's an amusing spectacle to watch the many antics of the cats, and the girl out who does the skirt dance is excellent. Of course they are dances, but the sight looks natural and enjoyable. Both of these entertainments in the main hall are absolutely free.

The First Regiment band—thirty pieces—under Professor Liss, render popular selections throughout the day. The music is excellent and possesses an artistic finish. The musicians are stationed near the main entrance on one of the galleries, and the strains are of course heard throughout the building.

Entirely in the "back yard" have a happy time of it during the day. There was but little business being done by the men with the wheels of fortune.

The tin type man, however, is all over the place, and is willing to "make the white" group for a quarter. The lung tester individual is next to the man who gives you cigars for hitting the baby, and the merry-go-round sends forth a lot of quarantined strains that would harrow the soul of a Richmond or Shaw. The popcorn man is there, but the white-crowned fellow who at one time sold Coney Island sausage is not with us. He will be here there is no doubt—but when?

WITH THE LADIES.

The ladies' department up stairs in the western end of the building attracts a very general attention from the fair sex. They always visit that land of crazy quilts and the dainty fancy work and sofa pillows and table scarfs and other sorts of work receive a minute inspection every few minutes. There are many beautiful pieces of work, some being most delicate and pretty.

Richmond's collective exhibition is now in shape and makes a splendid showing in the western wing of the building. There are exhibited all sorts of wares from the many manufacturing establishments of Richmond, and the whole showing is very creditable.

There should be water-coolers placed in the main hall. It is a very difficult matter to get a glass of water, and many ladies and not a few men are placed at an inconvenience.

The Richmond Railway and Electric Company were busy yesterday erecting their display, which will occupy a position just in front of the main entrance. There will be four posts occupied by are lights, while below a tastefully arranged lot of varicolored incandescents will shine out. It is probable the display will be in operation this evening.

IT IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE EXPOSITION.

THE CANDIDATES.

There is an excellent exhibit made by Schupp, which attracts very general attention. It is the race on bicycles between Cleveland and Harrison. The candidate at Washington is the background, and gives the exhibit an artistic appearance.

Professor Morris and his illusions attracted very general attention yesterday. His play-house is to the east of the music hall, and performances are given about every fifteen minutes. First you see the living statue, then there are She and Psycho, and the living Merman. Next you are brought face to face with a very intelligent wooden man, and Amphitrite ends the performance by coming up from the sea, doing a dance in the air and then diving back. The whole performance is full of mysteries, and is well worth the small price of admission.

A FIRE.

There was considerable excitement about 10 o'clock at the main building. A fire was discovered in the secretary's office in the fourth tower, and an alarm was sent in to the Richmond Fire Department. The box, 135, is at the grounds, just outside of the main entrance. In ten minutes time there was plenty of apparatus on the scene, but the small blaze had been put out. The department deserves no little credit for promptness, for their trip to the Exposition is no short one. As soon as the alarm came in the newspaper men in the city kept the "phones constantly in use inquiring as to the extent of the fire. The loss was about \$2.

There were not many of our country cousins at the Exposition yesterday. They will begin arriving on Monday. There were, however, some few on the grounds, and they sauntered about the main hall with one hand filled with pamphlets and picture cards and the other five fingers holding in tight embrace a bag of peanuts or ginger snaps.

The festive factor in the fireworks character to the visitors from the country, and while he does the wheel-of-fortune act in the "back yard" they looked upon him with undisguised admiration.

HE IS IN DANGER.

There is one exhibitor in the western

portion of the hall that carried his life in his hands. At least, so the exhibitor near him says. He shows a lot of pretty wares, but has combined with his exhibit a lot of whistles, rubber squawks and every other sort of conceivable device to make a fuss. There are several men in the booth who proceed throughout the day to exhibit the instruments, and there is enough racket, unharmonious noise about that booth to make a man wish for a room in a deaf and dumb asylum.

"Horsford's" booth is presided over by Mr. J. H. Capers, Jr., and throughout the day at the booth is dispensed splendor of biscuits and beef tea. There is always a crowd about the booth.

It would be an excellent idea if Broad street was watered. There is a constant cloud of dust which proceeds to fill eyes, ears and throat. A water cart could do admirable service.

The switchback is constantly rolling up and down. The dear little maidens and their sweethearts immediately move to the switchback, and the final dip is of course, an incentive for the dear young things to scream. There is just lots of fun on the arrangement, and everybody, even unto the small boy, enjoys it.

A DEER MAN.

Secretary Tyler is one of the busiest men at the Exposition. At his office in the fourth tower there is a constant stream of people, who wish to ask questions, and some of the interrogations are foolish, indeed.

When I saw him yesterday afternoon he said he was well pleased with the Exposition, and felt positive that it would be a grand success.

He estimated that the crowd on Thursday would number nearly 15,000 people. A very pretty maiden from Washington lost a ladies' watch at the Exposition yesterday. Any one finding it will return it to The Times booth.

The Everett-Wadley Company lost over twenty dollars' worth of pencils, playing cards, twine, etc. This is not the only instance. Several thefts have been reported. Colonel Palmer on Wednesday night had a fine bottle of old whisky stolen from his booth. There should be police patrolling the booths throughout the night, for if such thefts continue several exhibitors threaten to remove their exhibits.

BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

After dark the Exposition building had but little attraction for the public, and by the time the great military exhibition began in front of Secretary Tyler's residence there were hardly fifty people left in the big building. Seats had been erected for ten thousand people, but long before the opening of the great drama everyone of them had been taken, and a good many late comers had to take their positions in the sand.

The whole place was illuminated by electric lights, but more or less darkness reigned during the whole performance, the lights not being sufficient in number and their quality certainly being very poor. The different movements of the military were executed with promptness and precision and highly appreciated by the immense audience. There were some interruptions, which seemed to be rather longer than necessary, but the public took the delay good naturedly, and at the repetition of the exhibition the evil no doubt will be remedied.

THE OLD GUARD.

After the playing of several lively tunes by the band, the Old Guard aligned from the woods near the Crater and marched across the grounds, greeted with sounds of applause by the audience.

The famous corps consisted of members of R. E. Lee Camp, dressed in their old-time garments. The Old Guard consisted of the following members:

Captain E. Leslie Spence, Lieutenant John T. Hughes, First Sergeant E. C. Crump, Second Sergeant A. G. Evans, First Corporal D. Hardy Pyle, Second Corporal John J. Sullivan, Quartermaster D. Smith Redford, Ensign B. Marion Watkins.

Privates—Thomas Byrnes, George T. Dean, J. F. Flournoy, Fred Ellett, J. W. D. Farrar, E. S. Ferryhough, David Francis, Andrew N. Gill, James Hannon, G. W. Kent, Henry Kracke, L. L. Lucy, George W. Libby, Walker Lindsay, A. M. Lawrence, E. W. Martin, J. R. McCreary, J. B. McKenney, John A. Meanley, A. A. Overly, M. T. Phillips, Thomas Pollard, M. T. Rider, P. J. Roper, W. T. Snyder, John E. Sullivan, T. J. Smith, John L. Tally, J. S. Vanborn, F. E. Wright, Andrew J. Wray, J. C. Burrows and A. Jennings.

The Ashby Light Horse, commanded by Captain Rogers, appeared next and made an excellent exhibition of cavalry movements. Details of the troop afterwards gave proof of their ability of performing all sorts of tricks on horseback. A dress parade was given by the First regiment, which emerged in company fronts out of the fort. Before the exercises were completed, Colonel Hayes appeared at breakneck speed as courier, and reported to Colonel Jones that the enemy had attacked the outpost. The soldiers were at once ordered back into the fort at double quick time.

A detail of Confederate cavalry, commanded by Captain Rogers, who were received by a heavy infantry fire from the fort. The infantry was ably supported by the artillery, and for quite a while a heavy cannonade filled the air. In the meantime a lot of rockets and other fireworks were set off to make the noise of the battle still more bewildering.

AN EXPLOSION.

Finally a mine exploded under the Crater, killing a number of Confederates who held the fortification. This was the signal for a general attack by the Union forces of the fort, who marched across the field in battalion front and disappeared in the burning Crater. Squares were formed on the inside of the fortification, while the rest of the soldiers covered themselves as well as possible. Some lively firing followed, and finally the attacking forces were successfully repulsed. They retreated in great haste into the fort, leaving numerous dead behind them, who were afterwards picked up by the ambulance corps. At the close of the exhibition the different commands of the military formed a semi-circle of the field facing the audience, and a lot of fireworks were set off behind them, thereby beautifully illuminating the battle grounds and making it a very realistic scene.

This evening at the Exposition grounds the beautiful spectacle of the Fairs of London, called "Pantomime and the Comedy" works very smoothly; it compares favorably with similar work of these people, who stand at the head of their profession. The fireworks in connection with the spectacle are especially beautiful.

Two Small Estates.

Captain Sol Cutchins yesterday qualified in the chancery court as executor of the will of Archibald Hiteboon, deceased. Henry P. Beck qualified as executor of the will of Mrs. Joanna Hoffmann, deceased. The estates in both instances are small.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

AND LIVING UNDER A FALSE NAME.

Emmett Was Not the Name of the Family Killed by Lightning a Few Months Ago. A Story of Human Weakness.

A little over five years ago a family arrived in this city consisting of a man, a woman and three children. No one knew from whence they came, but Dale Emmett and his family settled in Fulton, the thriving suburb at the eastern end of this city, and the man commenced work at his trade as a carpenter.

The family conducted themselves well, and Dale Emmett made the acquaintance and won the respect of many of the best people of that vicinity. He soon joined Patrick Henry Council, No. 12, of the Junior Order of American Mechanics, and his conduct as a citizen was exemplary in every way.

On the night of the 21st of July last a terrible thunder storm passed over this city at 10 o'clock at night, and a bolt of lightning hurled from the fury of the storm struck the house on Nicholson street where Dale Emmett and his family lived and swept every soul of them into eternity in a twinkling.

The details of the death and funeral were given in the papers at the time, and are yet remembered by the public.

HOW IT CAME OUT.

The fact of an insurance on Dale Emmett's life, the appointment of an administrator by the court to take charge of it, the subsequent visit of J. A. Boose, an alleged uncle of Dale Emmett, and A. L. Wiley, brother of Mrs. Emmett, are incidents equally as familiar to every one.

When Messrs. Boose and Wiley were in Richmond they made the acquaintance and received many courtesies from Mr. P. E. Throckmorton, assistant superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in which Dale Emmett was insured, from which sprung an intimacy between himself and Mr. Wiley, resulting in a correspondence, a part of which is given below.

The two letters which follow clear up many rumors concerning the Emmetts, heretofore referred to in The Times, and more nearly confirming them than was at first supposed. These and other letters were addressed to Mr. Throckmorton, who until yesterday declined to make them public, and before doing so telegraphed and received the consent of Mr. Wiley, and as a further justification submitted the question of publishing the correspondence to the lodge of which Emmett and himself were members. The lodge having failed to assume responsibility, he felt at liberty to give them to the papers, and yesterday afternoon permitted the reporters to make copies of them, and those here given tell the remarkable life story of these unfortunate people.

The letters are given in full except a few personal references to Mr. Throckmorton and certain expressions not suitable for publication. They are not essential to the story, and their omission are indicated by small stars.

The names are real, but their addresses are purposely omitted.

—, Pa., September 6, 1882.

P. E. Throckmorton, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I want to impose on your goodness for a short time for some information. About five years ago I had a difficulty with my wife. In fact, I had a suit with her for misconduct with a man by the name of David Scott Boose, and she was found guilty. So also was David Scott Boose. Of course we parted.

A short time afterward Boose was accused of forgery, and left this part of the country, taking my former wife with him. That was the last I heard of him, except that reports have it that Boose's father, J. A. Boose, received letters from him.

This summer I applied for a divorce. Since then I have heard that David Scott Boose and all his family were killed by lightning near Richmond, and got your address through writing to Mr. J. A. Boose. Wiley I now want to know if the parties who were killed were David Scott Boose and my former wife. Report here says that he claimed that Jacob A. Boose was his uncle, and I understand that by some means J. A. Boose heard of the death of all his family, and that down to Richmond, but I cannot find out anything through them.

I send you herewith one of my former wife's pictures. Perhaps this will enable you to tell whether the woman killed by lightning was my wife. If she is dead it is not necessary for me to get a divorce. Please let me know if you can give me any information concerning them. David Scott Boose was a small man with very fair complexion and rather light moustache and whiskers (if he had any). The woman was medium-sized, with dark hair and eyes. Please return the photograph.

Respectfully,

John A. Tomer.

When Mr. Throckmorton received this he remembered certain remarks made to him by Mr. Wiley, brother of the woman, who came here with Mr. Boose after the killing. He then wrote to Mr. Wiley, and before his letter was received the latter had evidently written a full statement of the affair to Mr. Throckmorton, he having gotten the following letter from Mr. Wiley a few days later:

—, O., September 26, 1882.

Mr. P. E. Throckmorton:

Dear Sir and Brother,—Your letter, which should have been forwarded twice, has just reached me. (The communication referred to was one written by Mr. Throckmorton previous to the receipt of that of Mr. Tomer.) I write to you to let you know that I have written to you twice, but made no mention of having received either letter. In my last I stated that I would tell you the whole story if you so desired, and shall do so now.

My sister, Mary Ann Wiley, was married to John A. Tomer about fourteen years ago.

The marriage was against the wishes of my father and mother, but it was a case in which their desires had to succumb to the circumstances. * * * My sister was then sixteen years of age. She and her husband lived together about nine years, and there were four children born unto them. The youngest of these was a dog's life of it with Tomer, for he never treated her as he should have done. I have myself heard him damning her for things that he alone was responsible for.

Well, this Boose family moved into their neighborhood, and Tomer, as he was known to all round people, soon took up with David S. Boose, and invited him to his own home to play euchre. This was kept up for a number of years. Finally Tomer began to be jealous of Boose and his wife. He set his father to watch them when he (Tomer) was absent from home. This went on for some time, when finally Tomer came home one night, locked himself in a room with his wife, drew a revolver from his pocket, and placing it to her temple, said he intended to blow her brains out if she did not acknowledge that she had been too intimate with Boose. There was only one alternative, which she did. For five days he and his folks harassed her continually, driving her almost frantic. At last Tomer came to my father and told him the circumstances—that is, his side of the story. My father went to see Mary and she pronounced him a madman. Tomer would take her back she would never look at another man. I believed he would have done so, had it not been for his father. But right here let me say that I do not blame Tomer for doing as he did, for I would have done the same. Father could do nothing but what he did.

Suits were immediately instituted against Boose and my sister. * * * He was acquitted and my sister convicted. We made application for a new trial, and at the hearing the judge annulled the verdict of the jury, as we

brought forward proof that the jury had been trifled with. Both trials cost us a few hundred dollars. I would not have thought of that had my sister done what was right afterward. We did all in our power to keep her and Boose apart, but by some means they got together and planned to run away. We never knew anything of it until after they were gone, but learned then that old man Boose and his wife had a hand in the arrangements. That was four years ago, and we never heard of them again until J. A. Boose sent us your telegram.

David Scott Boose, whom you know as Dale Emmett, served a term in prison when a boy for the robbery of some money and I believe a watch.

I do not wish to make it appear that my sister was not in the wrong, for I think she committed a great sin, for which are this she has been brought to answer, and for which may God deal with her as he alone sees fit. I say that, although Boose was a good fellow in some ways. They went first to Allegheny City, where we soon heard from them, and one of my brothers went to see Mary and try to induce her to return and we would still take her in, but all persuasion was useless.

A short time after this Boose reappeared for a short time and then disappeared suddenly, and at the same time some money was secured from the Apollo Bank on forged checks, and Boose was charged with the forgery.

Although Boose was capable of doing anything, I do not believe he was guilty of this forgery; yet there was a bigger rascal than he, and had he been a man he would have fled when he found he had won the affections of my other sister's wife, instead of taking advantage of her weakness.

Let me add that it was my desire to tell you the entire story when at Richmond, but old man Boose would not allow it. He even wanted me to give myself an assumed name.

That Sabbath when we visited their graves I felt that I must tell you all, but I was held in check by Boose.

Can you imagine how I felt when I stood by that grave which contained the body of one who had once been my sister—when I thought how she had been taken to her last account right from the midst of her sins, without a moment to prepare for death?

God grant I may never experience such a thing again, for no matter what she did she was still my sister. I have told you the story as well as I can, but if there is anything else you desire to know, write and I will cheerfully tell you.

Let me add that Boose or Emmett, as he chose to call himself, was the son of J. A. Boose, and the old gentleman sister—when I thought how she had been taken to her last account right from the midst of her sins, without a moment to prepare for death?

I am yours, A. L. Wiley.

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